

Carnival

Free spirits run rampant among drunken men
who lose battles with sarcastic ladies in fine attire.

There is cotton candy for young lads lost in a
rectangular realm of foreign noise and wish wash.

Loose frogs are won like gold in a madman's rush, jump
about the wicked serpentine maze of loud talkers.

The starlit masterpiece unravels its arms to the spectators below,
hoping for re-buys and advance purchase for peers.

All come aboard this crazy train, to ride, and catch winds
of that showered pixie dust that blinds the unglassed eye.

It captures the essence of freelancers and dancers of spotlights
and high wire flyers tired of walking the line between duty and death.

Ask but just once, as you want that feeling of complete carelessness
to never end; never letting go, because the air is filled with time that stands still.

The lights fade—and it sets the blackening ghost.
Hold the ones who came and kiss those you love most.

It just might be the very last moment, to hold forever in a lifetime's omen.
Bold and golden, like a thrown that's bowing to those unknowing.

So find that star above which summoned you here,
and thank it for the greatest night of the calendar year.